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POLITICKS.

It is not the disorder, but the physician; it is not a casual concurrence of calamitous circumstances; it is the pernicious hand of government, which alone can make a whole people desperate. JUNIUS.

REVIEW *of Mr. Giles's first Speech in the Senate of the United States, on the Resolution of Mr. Hillhouse to repeal the Embargo Laws.*

Continued from page 39.

THE result of our investigation of Mr. Giles's defence of the administration is conclusive of its inadequacy to protect the objects which the continuance of the Embargo is obviously intended to promote. It seems clear, that the measure is neither coercive nor precautionary; but on the contrary, is advantageous to one belligerent, and satisfactory to another. Mr. Giles's arguments rest wholly upon this basis, and we think cannot be maintained, unless visionary notions are to overthrow the tests of calculation and the propositions of experience. There are some other considerations, in relation to this subject, which have occurred to us in the progress of our analysis, which may further conduce to determine its injustice as well as its impolicy.

If the Embargo is to be viewed abroad, as a measure of hostility and coercion, it is manifestly unjust in its operation, because it affects those friendly powers with whom we have been in the habits of commercial intercourse. Sweden, for example, has a right to be offended with the coercion of this measure. Her trade with us, is considerably extensive, and we evidently deprive her of many advantages, in consequence of our perseverance in the policy. What answer can we give to her, should she feel, herself injured and claim redress? Why, probably we should say it is merely a municipal regulation, which every country has an undoubted right to adopt. In this case we hold out the double language of hypocrisy; *at home*, we talk of coercing foreign nations; *abroad*, the Embargo is merely a measure of precaution and internal regulation with which no nation has a right or pretension to interfere. If it be an internal regulation, all the objects which it

was, *as such*, designed to be produced by it, are already and long ago affected; and may be taken off because it is unnecessary, or rather, because its present effects are the very *reverse* of precaution. But government cannot raise it, it is contended, without obvious disgrace, they have pledged themselves to the world, and cannot recede from the position they have taken, without an acknowledgment of their inability. Government cannot urge this as a plea for not removing a measure intrinsically and constitutionally wrong. It cannot be met like another question of national policy. If the administration have committed a most palpable and egregious blunder, are the people first to suffer, and then support them in their perversity and errour? This argument, however, is entirely inconclusive, for if the Embargo be merely municipal, how can government be disgraced by removing it? Those persons who urge such objections, confound themselves in evident contradictions. In order to palliate the complaints made by those nations who are friendly to us, we call the measure simply a municipal regulation; and when it is shewn, that in *that* aspect it is nugatory in its operation, and ought to be removed; it then changes into a *coercive* policy, operating so powerfully upon foreign nations as is calculated to obtain great concessions in our favour. So much contrariety of result cannot have justice for its basis; the same propositions cannot without false reasoning produce opposing conclusions. Viewed however, in both the lights in which the administration have contemplated it, we are equally convinced of the impolicy of the measure, and of the treachery of government.

A policy, which if it were ever so necessary, would be oppressive, must be shewn to be necessary before it will be allowed to be just. If it should prove ineffectual by experience, *it is of necessity tyrannical.* Considered in this aspect, it is not only *intrinsically* despotick, but it can be *enforced only by tyranny.* This enforcement seems to be a consequence of its constituent formation. The act is oppressive and unnecessary; it is consequently *tyrannical* in itself, and *implies* tyranny in its execution. It is therefore repugnant *to the constitution*, not only because its object could not peaceably be obtained, without invading undoubted rights; but because, in carrying it into forcible effect, *other* rights equally valuable must be overthrown. If therefore, government persist in the policy, the people may possibly resist. If they resist, what is to become of the constitution? It is evident we fought for civil liberty, and our bill of rights expresses those blessings which it was its intention to secure. But if any unjust and unnecessary law invade those most inestimable rights; there is some danger arising to the constitution itself, which was established for the preservation of those rights. Such a state of things should produce extreme caution in the minds of our rulers; especially if it be considered, that the constitution must depend for its permanency on the will of those who erected it; and

that it unites in one mass, a set of heterogeneous and unnatural bodies, which will naturally fly asunder on the application either of some exteriour attraction, or an introduction of some fluid, inconsistent with the cohesion of the composition. Congress should beware how they occasion the dismemberment of the compact, by persisting in a measure which is ruinous, unnecessary, tyrannical and unconstitutional, however favourably it be contemplated, and however mildly enforced.

The effects of the Embargo on the state of society, is not less prejudicial, than in relation to our political rights. Those people, who for the last year have been waiting anxiously for the change of the stream, and have seen it roll on, enlarging as it flows, from the idleness and perplexity natural to such a state, have been exceedingly relax in their morals and behaviour. It cannot be doubted that the tendency of such a law as turns men from their common occupations, must be repugnant to the moral quiet of civil society: it draws out the very sinews of industry, from the arm of labour; and causes in the relaxation of pleasure, and the gratification of passion, a more general prevalence.

Mr. Giles relies very strongly on our domestick dissensions to prove that the success of the Embargo policy has been frustrated in consequence; but this is paying a very poor compliment to the foresight or policy of the administration. Those dissensions of which he complains have existed ever since the present administration came into power; it is inherent in the nature of republican governments, that they should exist. To have made the fact of any importance, in his argument, he should have proved that a continuance of the Embargo policy would be likely to diminish the force of opposition; but so far from this, he talks just afterwards, very nonsensically to be sure, but he talks a great deal about rebellion; and of the ability of government to enforce the laws they have formed. If therefore, those laws have been defeated by our domestick discontents; if Great-Britain, in consequence of them, when they have been confined in their extent, and existing merely in words, has been prevented from altering her Orders in Council, in our favour; the result must be, that she will continue more rigorously to enforce them, now that the opposition is become more systematick, popular and violent.

The truth is, that our party dissensions form no part of the reasons which have induced Great-Britain to persist in the measures she has adopted. The causes are evidently; 1st. The interests she has in the continuance of the Embargo. The revolution in Spain, the relief of the English West-India colonies from a pressure of calamity, and the prosperity of her North-American possessions, are such appeals to her interests, as she cannot withstand; and the continuance of the Embargo operates in favour of them all.

2d. The hostile temper of the present administration of government which is rendered apparent in all our negociations with that power. It is evident first, in our commercial claims, which maintain the principle of "free ships, free goods," the universal protection of seamen under the American flag, in merchant ships, and the unlimited enjoyment of the indirect trade from the colonies to the mother country, to the enemy, in time of war. This hostile temper, was also made evident, by various official proclamations, and the unaccommodating clogs placed in the way of negociation with Great-Britain; but more particularly in a decidedly different deportment in our transactions with the French Emperour.

3d. The *avowed* object of the Orders in Council. As that measure was ostensibly adopted in order to retaliate on France, it cannot be removed until France consents to rescind her decrees, which although it is evidently her interest to do, she probably will continue to refuse.

We do not intend to be considered the advocates of Great-Britain in the injurious policy which it is the intention of the Orders in Council to carry into operation: on the contrary, we are ready to meet the question at any time, and wholly oppose the right of the British ministry to promulgate such a measure. France, to be sure, offered the first example of the profligacy of the doctrine, but that example is no justification to either party. All we mean to prove at present, is that *our Embargo* is not the means which is calculated to insure the removal of those orders; and that while abroad it is ineffectual, it is tyrannical at home.

The question here recurs of "what is to be done?" We say, at all events LET THE EMBARGO BE REMOVED; the longer it continues, our distress increases, and the advantages to foreign nations multiply. Then the question will be, "shall we have war?" and if so, "with whom?" Or shall we pursue a more magnanimous policy? first by evincing a spirit of accommodation, which shall lead us to the relinquishment of doubtful rights, and of those formalities of negociation, which ceremony and not our honour dictate; and then (if we should fail of success, after all our concessions) let us exhibit another kind of spirit, a spirit of resistance, and a determination to enforce our *just* rights by our power, when we cannot attain them by our negociations. In the mean time we should put our national energies into immediate requisition; let us put ourselves into an attitude of defence, and then if our enemy insult us, we can meet him upon equal terms.

The difficulties in our future negociations with Great-Britain will derive most uncommon force, from the original impolicy of the Embargo laws. It has told her how well she can do without us, and proves to her the full extent of our hostility, as far as a total deprivation of our trade can go. She now is experiencing the various advantages which have resulted to her, some in consequence of the Embargo, and some not; but all of them depending on its continuance. She will not be

easily removed from the advantageous basis on which she has grounded her orders. The United States have never witnessed a period more deplorable than this, whether we consider it in relation to the peculiar situation of the belligerent powers, or to the impolicy of our own government, in their exteriour negociations. We are not, however, prepared to assert in unequivocal terms, that our safety and happiness cannot be restored, consistently with the punctilios of honour and the rights of independence. "There is no extremity of distress, which of itself ought to reduce a great nation to despair," is the remark of a great political writer; let us change our physician, or let him change his prescriptions, and hope will no longer languish in inaction, but revive to the prospects of returning prosperity.

We have now finished our contemplated review of Mr. Giles's argument on the Embargo laws: his style is every where distinguished by the modern peculiarities contained in the diction of both Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, without the incorrectness which depreciates the composition of the former, or the ingenuity which sometimes characterizes the expressions of the latter. Mr. Giles is no where eloquent. When he attempts a flight, his wings seem clipped, he rises only to fall; he has no buoyancy to preserve his elevation. On the whole, we think the merits of this speech to be manifestly overrated; for whatever may be its plausibility, it certainly has very little strength of argument to support it; it is in our opinion, entirely visionary in the ideas; and although ostentatious, yet inaccurate and stale in the expression. If the present administration of government can find no better defender, they had better relinquish argumentation, and again adopt the safer policy of dumb legislation, and closed doors.

POETRY.

OF the imitators of the poetry of the NEW SCHOOL, we do not know any who has been more successful, or whose fame has been more widely extended by the adulation of panegyrick, than Mr. Henry Kirke White. His sensibility is excessive; every thing that exists under the customary state of things is wrong, and utopian schemes of unattainable felicity, of pastoral happiness, of German sentiment and feeling, are continually inspiring the imagination of his muse. He is like a number of other modern poetasters, morally mad: the force of custom, in neglecting certain vices, is absolute oppression; the *pang* of the *punishment* is alone to be considered, though the *crime* be ever so glaring.

The German poet is delighted with the secret sympathies of human nature, which unite hearts indissolubly, though the persons who possess them, had never before seen each other; he evinces his delight in the perfectability of man, by palliating the crimes of the poor, and exaggerating the vices of the powerful. His feelings expand at the sight of human depravity in distress, congeal at the intimation of greatness in good fortune, and are gratified at the slips and errours committed by those who are in exalted stations.

That Mr. White has tendencies of this kind, cannot be doubted by those who are acquainted with his distempered compositions. We have subjoined one of them, together with an imitation of our own, that our readers may see not only in how ridiculous a taste it is written; but that the object of it is unworthy of the eulogies and sympathies which he lavishes upon her.

We have extracted also, for the satisfaction of our readers, an Ode on this very Mr. White, which will exhibit a specimen of the encomiums which have been most profusely and undeservedly bestowed upon his genius.

ODE.

ON THE LATE HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

AND is the Minstrel's voyage o'er?
And is the star of genius fled?
And will his magick harp no more,
Mute, in the mansions of the dead,
Its strains seraphick pour?

A pilgrim in this world of woe,
Condemn'd, alas! awhile to stray,
Where bristly thorns, where briers grow,
He bade, to cheer the gloomy way,
Its heav'nly musick flow.

And oft he bade, by fame inspir'd,
Its wild notes seek the ætherial plain,
Till angels, by its musick fir'd,
Have, list'ning, caught th' ecstatick strain—
Have wonder'd and admir'd.

But now secure on happier shores,
With choirs of sainted souls he sings,
His harp th' omnipotent adores,
And from its sweet, its silver strings,
Celestial musick pours.

And tho' on earth no more he'll weave
The lay that's fraught with magick fire,
Yet oft shall Fancy hear at eve,
His now exalted, heav'nly lyre,
In sounds Æolian grieve.

This will be sufficient to prove the admiration which this poetaster has excited; the following is one of his most serious compositions; it is called the Prostitute, which character seems to awaken all his sensibility. Her weeping eye, the anguish of her heavy heart, her meretricious glances, her loathsomeness, her hollow eyes, are all objects of virtuous sympathy. He takes for granted, that such a class of females, as a body, have been *seduced* into infamy; and of course the seducers are branded with all the vengeance he can inflict;

"God of the red right arm! where is thy thunder-bolt?"

But his notion of things assumes as certain, what is, to speak generally, very wide of the truth. He sees a wretch debased by crime and covered with infamy, and he immediately, from no other cause, imagines *her to have been innocent, because some women have been seduced.* This is no more than the overflowings of his modern revolutionary morality; it is not founded in fact, but springs spontaneously from a fancy naturally distempered, and heated burning hot with theoretick philosophy. This, we think is nothing more, taking the subject and application of the sentiment together, than a complete *prostitution* of talents. But let us hear Mr. White himself:

THE PROSTITUTE.

DACTYLICKS.

WOMAN of weeping eye, ah! for thy wretched lot,
Putting on smiles to lure the lewd passenger,
Smiling, while anguish gnaws at thy heavy heart;

Sad is thy chance, thou daughter of misery,
Vice and disease are wearing thee fast away,
While the unfeeling ones sport with thy sufferings.

Destin'd to pamper the vicious one's appetite;
Spurn'd by the beings who lur'd thee from innocence,
Sinking unnotic'd in sorrow and indigence.

Thou hast no friends, for they with thy virtue fled;
Thou art an outcast from house and from happiness;
Wand'ring alone on the wide world's unfeeling stage.

Daughter of misery, sad his thy prospect here ;
Thou hast no friend to sooth down the bed of death ;
None after thee enquires with solicitude ;

Famine and fell disease shortly will wear thee down,
Yet thou hast still to brave often the winter's wind,
Loathsome to those thou wouldst court with thine hollow eyes.

Soon thou wilt sink into death's silent slumbering,
And not a tear shall fall on thy earthly grave,
Nor shall a single stone tell where thy bones are laid.

Once wert thou happy—thou wert once innocenct,
But the seducer beguil'd thee in artlessness,
Then he abandon'd thee unto thine infamy.

Now he perhaps is reclin'd on a bed of down,
But if a wretch like him sleeps in security,
God of the red right arm ! Where is thy thunderbolt ?

IMITATION.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

DACTYLICKS.

MAN of the bawling voice ! ah for thy sooty coat ;
Crawling up chimney, to scrape the passage clean ;
Patches on thy trowsers, for fear the knees should wear out.

Dang'rous is thy chance, thou man of elevation,
For should thy foot slip when at the chimney's top,
Then thou wouldst tumble down, nothing to stop thy fall.

Destin'd to live enclosed in a dirty garb ;
Spurn'd by the beings whose dwellings thou hast saved
From fire and devastation ; all for a few cents.

Friends thou hast none, because of thy dusty dress ;
Thy soot-bag thou emptiest into the miry street,
With which 'tis congenial ; and then thou tak'st a dram.

Son of the brush and bag, hard is thy living got ;
Neglect of the worldly, drives thee to drinking,
Until your money will no longer hold out.

Then wilt thou reel away, into the first grog-shop,
Where they will credit thee, and guzzle down gin-sling
In copious libations, until thou art dead-drunk.

These vicious courses, shortly will wear thee out;
Yet the next morning thou travel'st the chimney up,
Bawling out as usual, " chimney sweep, swee p ho!"

Once thou wert sober, thou wert once clean and neat;
The proud man of riches, scornful neglected thee,
And drove thee for thy bread, to fill up a soot-bag.

Now he, perhaps, is laying on his bed of rest,
Who but the day before, clean had his chimney swept:
God of the flaming fire! where is thy tinder box?

THE STAGE.

Hard is his lot, who here by fortune plac'd,
Must chase the new blown bubbles of the day.

REMARKS ON " LOVE AND PHYSICK,"

Which according to the advertisement of the Boston Theatre, is
" A NEW FARCE, NEVER PERFORMED."

WHEN Sir John Falstaff is reproached by Prince Harry, for the tatterdemalion appearance of his company, and calls them a parcel of scare-crows, he replies to him, very justly, " food for powder, food for powder, Hal; they'll fill a pit as well as better men." Something parallel to this observation, may be fairly applied to the dramatick compositions of this country; " food for criticks, food for criticks; they'll employ their wits as well as better plays." And we think the farce of Love and Physick, has afforded to the criticks, much delectable food, as perhaps it would be asking too much to be treated with, oftener than once in a season. If we considered the composition before us as a mere standing dish, and not a very great variety, we should perhaps refrain from *falling on it* very greedily; but as it is certainly very uncommon in its relish, we cannot debar ourselves the pleasure of offering up to our readers a taste of this highly flavoured production.

The story has but little incident, and can be shortly told: the conduct, we think, will afford abundant satisfaction in the relation; and as to the diction, we shall offer some specimens as far as our recollection will favour us, which will exhibit the refined taste in which it was dictated, and afford a specimen of the kind of wit which does not fail to set the barren spectators of a Boston Theatre in a roar of laughter, and draw down thundering plaudits on the devoted heads of the performers.

The scene, we believe, is laid in London, and the plot is not by any means complex; for there is no *counter action* of its regular pro-

gression from one end to the other of the piece; it goes straight on, and meets with no perplexity in the developement, but the delay of time. This is a novel idea in dramatick composition; generally speaking, an author confounds his heroes in disappointments, and embarrasses the lover and his mistress with difficulties, which it is the object of his piece to overcome. Here, however, every thing succeeds to a charm; nothing goes wrong; from the physick which a principal part of the characters are made to dabble in, to the contrivance of the lover to marry his mistress. But to the story. *Sparkle*, a very young rake, is in love with *Laura*, the ward of Mr. Tobias Weezle, and she, on the other hand, is equally enamoured of him. Laura, it seems, is so closely watched by her guardian, Weezle, and his maiden sister, Miss Weezle, for fear of this spark, Sparkle, that she cannot find an opportunity to see him or speak to him, notwithstanding the old folks are confined to their chamber with sickness, and she has a pert chambermaid, ready to wait all her commands. In this state of things, Sparkle is disguised as a great physician, palms himself off as such, upon Doctor Squills, an illiterate quack, with whom he agrees to visit, bleed and blister for him, on condition of receiving a small part of the fees of office, and of practicing on the "squillonian system," of killing all who are very sick, and making sick those who are well; and this he agrees to, in hopes that he may be sent to visit the patients of Doctor Squills, Mr. and Miss Weezle, who are full of complaints, and by that means to have an opportunity of speaking with his dear Laura. Matters have thus far proceeded before the piece begins; and we first discover Sparkle, in his assumed character of physician, thumping in a mortar. Events turn out very favourable to him, for no sooner does he begin his new occupation, than he is recommended by Squills to visit the house of his enamoretta, as a wonderful physician. Besides this, Sparkle has a friend, named *Bloom*, who is very poor, and wishes to get rich by marriage; so on the first visit which our new physician makes to the old pleople, he undertakes to cure Mr. Weezle himself, but recommends Bloom as an eminent ladies' Doctor, to take care of Miss Tabby. She consents to receive him, and Doctor Sparkle departs. No sooner is he gone, however, than old Weezle, who has been highly delighted with his learning, proposes him as a match for his ward, Laura. Tabitha readily falls into the scheme, and matters are settled that he should be introduced to Laura, on his next visit. In the mean time Laura had dispatched her chambermaid, *Hit*, to find out what had become of Sparkle, of whose contrivances she was utterly ignorant.

Bloom is now visited by Sparkle, who acquaints him with his scheme, and informs him he must play well his artillery of flattery; and Tabby with all her fortune will be his forever. Accordingly, Bloom visits Miss Tabby in the character of a young physician, and she very

soon consents to run away with him, to be married; and agrees to meet him in the garden at 8 o'clock: we are not informed of the necessity of their elopement; it however is agreed on by the parties, and that perhaps is enough.

The prescriptions of Sparkle had confined Weezle to his bed, and Laura is seen watching by his side. After her guardian mentions to her his intention of marrying her to the new Doctor, (Sparkle) his arrival is announced. This greatly distresses Miss Laura, especially as Hit, the chambermaid is just informing her that she can no where find out what has become of her lover. Thus singularly situated she thinks it best to go to sleep upon the occasion, and accordingly seats herself upon the sofa, just as the Doctor is coming in, and soon is engaged in a comfortable nap. Sparkle no sooner enters, than old Weezle proposes to him as physician, after a little circumlocution, to marry his ward; the Doctor consents, with some hesitation, and old Weezle accordingly leaves the room, that the Doctor and his mistress, (who is all this time asleep) may bring matters to bear.

He soon discovers himself to her; she is highly delighted; and they, at first, determine to proceed to church, as soon as wings can add speed to their feet. But the lady very prudently bethinks herself that her sudden acquiescence will cause suspiscion, agrees to defer the ceremony. "But not so soon, *say* at seven;" yet in the height of her joy, she observes "we'll meet at, *say* seven," "yes, say seven;" and then hey for the church, the ceremony, love and Sparkle. Things being thus agreed upon between Sparkle and his Laura, we will see what the other characters are about. It seems the servant of Old Doctor Squills, wants to kiss Miss Hit, the servant to Laura, but she very frankly tells him she is tired of kissing, she has had kissing enough, and now she wants—yes, she wants to be married. Well, after some little explanations, *they* determine to meet in the garden, at 8 o'clock, to go to church.

The next scene is the garden; and first enters Bloom, in expectation of meeting Miss Tabby, and he meets Miss Hit, whom he unhappily and singularly mistakes for his mistress, and though he talks with her for a quarter of an hour, and perseveres in his error, they are sadly perplexed to find the garden gate, and they go off in search of it. Presently, Tabby herself enters, and finds Hit's lover instead of her own; neither his recollection nor hers appears very sharp, for they converse a long time together, without discovering their mistake, and they proceed to seek their way out of the garden. They depart, and then enter Hit and Bloom, who have not yet discovered each other, though they have been a long time wandering about the garden, probably to give the other couple an opportunity to meet and talk a little, without rectifying their blunder. However, the watchman sounds his racket just at this juncture, who it seems, must have discovered them

in the garden, before they could possibly find the gate to get out, and this too, "when it was so dark, Hal, that you could not see your hand." He probably discovered them through the wall; at any rate, his racket charmed them so much that all of them fell into his custody, like a bird into the fangs of a rattle snake.

In the next scene, we find a table set, and Old Weezle and Doctor Squills waiting anxiously for the return of Sparkle and Laura, from church; when information is given that the watchman had discovered some robbers in Mr. Weezle's garden, and had brought them into the house. This alarms him and Doctor Squills excessively; however, they very heroically determine to see the culprits, after hearing they are tied together, and that the "watchman will stand by them:" accordingly, one of them seizes a knife, and the other a fork, and with a couple of dish-covers, for shields, they stand upon the defensive. These culprits turn out to be none other than Bloom, Tabby, Hit, and her lover, whom the watchman had supposed to be thieves.—After this difficulty is settled, Sparkle enters in his real character, with Laura, they having now become man and wife. This, of course, creates considerable uneasiness; but all things are reconciled, without much difficulty, and Bloom and Tabby are regularly married to each other. Hit and her lover are united, and all parties are made as happy as marriage, physick, and money can make them.

This is perhaps an imperfect account of the story; but the diction is so uncommonly ambitious, and dictated by so refined a taste, that we cannot refrain from offering some of the most striking images which we can recollect. Speaking of his feelings, old Weezle talks about a "rat running up and down his throat: his *bowels*, he said, felt as if a house-swallow had built her nest there, and the young ones were sticking to his ribs; but I'll drown them at least," &c. and then he takes physick. Some of the characters speak of "carrying guts to a bear," of medicine "*playing the devil, and turning up jack in his belly;*" of an old lady's lips resembling "*a red cabbage leaf in a frosty morning.*" A lady is desired to "wipe her snout, and mop out her eyes;" and a physician, among other operations of his craft, talks of going to "give a clyster to a child one night old." Laura descried her lover at an opera house, says that "if he applauded, in a trice the whole audience will take the contagion, you will see rows of teeth round *the rows of boxes, from those as white as a vein of alabaster, to those as black as a range of grave stones in a church yard!*" "Pot-hooks and trammels, emeticks, blisters, catharticks," and all kinds of medicinal operations, are scattered over this play in wonderful profusion.

The pit and gallery seemed highly delighted with the treat, and laughed till their very sides did ache; and the piece was announced for a second representation, amidst hisses and applauses, equally violen and determined.

THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.

IF the cause which united all America against Great-Britain in 1776, and the feelings which produced that union, ever had a parallel in history, it must be discovered in the late attempt of the Spaniards, to free their country from the oppression of a tyrant, who has derided their religion, wasted their treasure, and made their monarch a prisoner. Yet the democratick party affect to view all the honour which is paid to this glorious cause, as inconsistent with the character of the American people; and they sneer at every expression of the publick, in favour of it. Not only the democratick papers in this place, but those in various parts of the country, have discountenanced, as far as lay in their power, every hope that they should succeed. Why is all this? why are they not as favourable to Spain in 1809, as they pretended to have been to America in 1776? Because the French nation is opposed to them, and apparently for no other reason. And yet these people not only in their writings, but in publick town meetings, affect to say, that there is no French influence in the country; and that if America is to go to war, which they affirm is highly probable, they will go to war with France.

Their champions in publick town meeting, on the question of petitioning the State Legislature, expressly declared their belief, not only that the preparations for war, now making, were not directed against Great-Britain, but that France was the object of hostility; and yet looking into their papers, we do not perceive a syllable which can be construed into enmity against Bonaparte, or the French government. We sincerely hope the predictions of one of the speakers may be fulfilled, "That the Orders in Council are now taken off, in consequence," he firmly believes, "of the measures of the present administration."

The Dinner given on Tuesday, in honour of the Spanish nation, so far from exciting sympathy or praise in the breasts of the democrats, has been the cause of the most vindictive ebullitions of their spleen. This dinner is highly honourable to the town: for the Spaniards were not only the first to honour us in our struggle for independence, but the cause in which they are engaged, is universally acknowledged throughout Europe, to have more justice on one side, and more political turpitude on the side of France, than has existed in any dispute since the French revolution began its career. Yet black as that nation is on the catalogue of perfidious powers, and covered as her rulers have been with the reproaches of mankind; the attempt to dethrone the Spanish monarch, and place a Bonaparte on the throne, strikes a blow in the world, which is felt to the remotest nations; and as every one feels the injury, so every one should express the resentment which such injuries demand.

MR. CANNING's LETTER.

WHAT becomes now of the assertions of those democratick gentlemen, who declared this letter to be a forgery ? What becomes now of the *veracity* of the Monitor ? With what face can the gentleman still support his party, who openly declared " that if that letter had been suppressed by the administration, it no longer deserved the countenance of the people, and that he would be one to discountenance it ?" The president has acknowledged the suppression of this document ; and what excuse has he made for his turpitude ? Why, forsooth, the communication of the letter *alone*, (Mr. Pinckney's answer to it, he affirms had not arrived,) would have accorded neither with propriety nor the wishes of Mr. Pinckney." Well done modesty, egad ! Mr. Jefferson, who sent back to England a treaty, almost without reading it, negociated by this very Mr. Pinckney, is now scrupulous of injuring the feelings of that gentleman ! But pray what have the wishes of Mr. Pinckney to do in preventing the communication of important national documents ? According to this rule, an unsuccessful negociation may prevent *any* communications from being made to the people. But " it would not accord with propriety," *and the answer of Mr. Pinckney had not been received.* Indeed it would *not* accord with propriety ; for it exposed, as completely as words could, the *impropriety* of the conduct of admininistration. *But Mr. Pinckney's answer had not been received.* This requires some little reflection. In the first place, we affirm that it is highly improbable, and in fact violates common sense and discretion to suppose Mr. Pinckney would send home a publick document, of this important nature, without accompanying it with as full and complete an extenuation of the government and himself, as he could possibly produce. The idea that he *could* dispatch Mr. Canning's letter home, without his own reply, proves that he is a great ignoramus, and, of course, must make a very ridiculous figure on the elevated station where he is placed ; and that he ought to be recalled immediately, for the honour of the United States, little as there is of it abroad. We do not, however, believe that the documents did arrive separately ; but if they did, we venture to affirm, the answer of Mr. Pinckney *has not been received since the publication of Mr. Canning's letter, in Washington :* and, if so, the duty had devolved on the president, before that time, to have communicated it to congress. It is evident, Mr. Jefferson would have suppressed the whole correspondence, if he could ; it was his interest to do so : because *it unmasked the treachery of our foreign negociations*, and we will not for the honour of human nature suppose, that the administration could endure the complete exposure of their nakedness. It is too bloated with crime, and defiled by treachery, to be shewn to the world without abhorrence.

This subject will receive further attention, in our next number.

CONSIDERATIONS ON "THE CONTRAST"

"Between the death of a Deist, and the death of a Christian," contained in the Panoplist of November last.

WE have proposed to notice some of the inferences which the Rev. Doctor Mason has unwarrantably drawn from the circumstances attending the respective deaths of Mr. Hume and Dr. Finley.

There is no object more distressing than a zealous bigot; who strives to wrest all observations from their natural direction, in order to make them accord with his views, or array them in feeble opposition, that he may more easily overturn them. The reverend author we have just mentioned, affirms in the first place, that the letter of Dr. Adam Smith, concerning the death of Mr. Hume, is a proof of an infidel attempt to set off the intrepidity or composure of a sceptical brother, and shew him to the greatest advantage at the time of dissolution. We undertake to say, on the contrary, that the letter in question is exceedingly *unguarded;* what need would there have been (if Doctor Smith wished Mr. Hume's reputation extended) to introduce Charon and his boat, and Lucian's dialogues of the dead? The tendency of these passages, so far from setting Mr. Hume off to advantage, *in the eyes of the world*, has a directly contrary effect. If so, the whole ground work of Dr. Mason's intolerant comparison is overturned. Let any one read the letter of Dr. Smith, and then let him declare whether there is, apparently, any attempt to distort *or conceal circumstances*, in order to make a more favourable impression of Mr. Hume's moral character. What need, if that were the intention, of mentioning the game of whist; why not conceal it? The death of Mr. Finley, to which Dr. Mason turns with rapture, was the death of a superstitious enthusiast, and the death of Mr. Hume, that of a man who did not believe in the doctrine of the christian religion to be sure, but which can have no bearing upon the validity of those doctrines. Religion must rest upon its own basis: the breath of infidelity can no more overturn the fabrick, than the weak props of superstition can support it.

It was not expected of Mr. Hume, that he should express a *belief* of the christian religion; he died consistently with his previous character. And we maintain that Dr. Mason *has no right to infer any thing in favour of christianity, because Mr. Hume said nothing about a God, a providence, or an hereafter.* If the composure of that great writer, at his death, intrinsically considered, has any bearing on the christian system, it is not in favour of it. But Dr. Mason, by begging the question in the first instance, rushes on afterwards in a stream of superstitious eloquence, against those passages in Dr. Smith's letter, which merely described the *consistency* of Mr. Hume's character. How does he *prove* the benefits resulting to christianity, from the death of Mr. Hume? why truly, by shewing *him perfectly serene and composed in*

his disbelief. This is a novel mode of conviction to be sure; but he proceeds to argue *from his dying without mentioning the subject*, that religion was therefore triumphant. The death of Mr. Hume was correspondent to his character; but whether the death of a christian is not more honourable than that of an infidel, is a distinct subject of enquiry, and certainly very easy of solution.

Dr. Mason takes for granted as much of the account given of the death of Mr. Hume, as suits his purpose, and rejects, or distorts the rest, to gratify his pleasure or convenience. When Dr. Black describes Mr. Hume as saying, "I am dying as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire;" that "when he became very weak, it cost him an effort to speak, and that he died in such a happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it," Dr. Mason undertakes to disbelieve it. He declares all this "composure," "cheerfulness," complacency," "resignation," "happiness," to be affectation. "It is a mockery," says he, "of every human feeling; and every throbbing of the heart convicts it of a *lie*." Why is Dr. Mason thus violent in his rage? If the circumstances make in favour of Christianity, this effervescence of zeal is superfluous; but if the contrary, why then he should shew the superiority of Christian gentleness to infidel composure, and not denominate a gentleman a *liar*, in unqualified terms. The truth is, he thinks the argument makes against him, and he rages. He might, with equal propriety, have declared, the disbelief of certain tenets, expressed in the writings of Mr. Hume, to be a *mockery and a lie*; but would that assertion be a reply to the arguments this writer has made use of? If all those circumstances, in the life and death of an infidel, which are variant from the Christian doctrines, are proofs of the truth of those doctrines, then a man may prove, by a similar process, any contradiction in nature.

Dr. Mason says this resignation and complacency could not be, *because it could not be;* he opposes his *inference* to the *assertion* of Dr. Black, and there he leaves the argument.

Dr. Mason expatiates upon the nonsense of Mr. Finley, with most extravagant and enthusiastick fervour; but we hope infidelity can be more easily refuted than by the ebullitions of such zeal, and christianity be better supported, than by deviating from truth and candour, and in truth, by departing from the very rules of christianity.

The christian religion derives support from its own intrinsick excellence; the light of revelation, and the tests of experience. The beams which are shed upon it, to shew the beauty of its structure, proceed directly from the source of light, and irradiate its inmost recess. Do not let us attempt to build up these adventitious supports, for the consequences, without overthrowing infidelity, may be detrimental to christianity itself.